

## Benefits of a Bruise

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Summary: There was something about getting hit by a high-speed volleyball that really wasn't that bad. SawamuraxShimizu Edit: I mixed up Michimiya and Hitoka! Sorry!

## Benefits of a Bruise

**\*\*I really don't own anything.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>It happened once before.<p>

This wasn't the first time Shimizu Kiyoko was hit by a volleyball. She was the volleyball manager after all. The first time was actually during her first year. It was her second week of working as manager, and she had clumsily dropped a water bottle. The plastic container haphazardly rolled onto the court during a practice match among the team members. Not wanting any of them to trip on it, she ran onto the court to grab it, not really thinking about the consequences.

The consequence was that she was hit right in the stomach with a spiked ball. The ball knocked the wind out of her and she fell back onto her butt. The boys swarmed around her asking if she was alright. Red-faced, she grabbed the bottle, apologized, and scurried back to the side lines.

Shimizu made sure to hold onto water bottles as tightly as possible after that.

Still, the teenage girl was surprised by how many times she had eluded getting hit despite constantly being in a battlefield of active boys and their dangerous methods of self-improvement.

Basically, Shimizu was not prepared at all for this incident.

It started like any other practice. Shimizu was still instructing and getting the awkward Michimiya Yui used to her position. The quirky girl made Shimizu laugh a lot. She wished she could spend more than a year with the younger girl.

The manager pair had returned from the water fountain with filled water bottles. The gymnasium was filled with the sounds of squeaking sneakers, pounding feet, and knee pads hitting the floor. The coach had the boys playing a practice match. Hinata was having a bit of a fight with Kageyama... \_again\_.

Shimizu walked over the disgruntled coach asking if there was anything she needed to do. He reassured her with a wave of his hand that everything was fine and that she should take a break or something. By the time Shimizu was talking to Michimiya about going to get a snack to eat, Sawamura had somehow calmed the fighting duo and restarted the game.

That's when things got out of hand.

Shimizu and Michimiya were on their way out of the gym when the older girl heard someone shout her name. It sounded like Sawamura. It sounded desperate. Shimizu then made a terrible decision.

She turned around.

A harsh impact resounded throughout the gym and Shimizu could hear a distinct \_crack\_. Then she hit the ground. Then it went dark.

\* \* \*

><p>When Shimizu woke up, the first thing she noticed was that she was definitely not wearing her glasses. Everything was blurry. She attempted to sit up. That's when she realized she was in a bed. The school infirmary.<p>

"Whoa there."

Shimizu squinted. There was a dark figure at the foot of the bed. The voice, however, was very familiar.

"Sawamura?"

The figure stepped closer.

"Are you in any pain?"

A splitting headache appeared. Shimizu figured that it was actually already there. She was just too dazed to notice.

"What ha-"

The dark-haired girl was interrupted when she heard curtains be pulled aside.

"Shimizu!"

Those two silly voices sounded way too familiar. Suddenly, a crowd of blurry figures filed around her bed.

"Are you okay?"

"Lie down."

"I'm so sorry!"

The headache was starting to hurt even more. Thankfully, Sawamura seemed to notice, as he always does. "Alright, alright," he said, "Everyone get out. She's fine. Get back to practice." The blurry figures reluctantly began to leave.

"Pl-please be sure to rest," came the voice of the ace.

"Let us know if you need anything," said the older setter.

"I-I'll take care everything! Please rest!" Shimizu smiled at her junior manager. Or at least what she hoped was the younger girl.

A distinctly orange figure walked up to the bed. The short figure was easy to differentiate from the others. The figure stayed silent until he blurted out, "I'm so sorry!"

A gear clicked and Shimizu realized what happened. She offered the short boy a small smile "I'm really fine. Please don't worry." The boy finally walked out, albeit reluctant.

Finally two figures walked up to the bed.

"Shimizu, you look really good without your glas-"

"Leave."

The room was finally quiet and practically empty. Shimizu noticed one figure stayed behind.

"You don't have to stay. I'm really fine."

"I have to make sure you're \_really\_ okay."

Shimizu sighed and the boy chuckled. The sound of a body taking a seat in a plastic chair came from the girl's left.

"Besides, I feel partially guilty."

Shimizu raised an eyebrow at the blurry figure.

"I was the one who called your name and made you turn around."

"\_Sawamura.\_"

The captain chuckled once more. "That was quite a blow. Some serious power," he said.

"What exactly happened?" asked Shimizu.

"Well," Sawamura began, "Hinata was trying to learn to aim his spikes. I tried to get him to shoot for the far left. He hit it, but then it bounced..."

The boy had trailed off but Shimizu could piece together the rest herself. She stifled a sigh. At least her headache was going away. "Where are my glasses?" she asked, trying to look around her.

"Uhh..." Sawamura responded. He stood and held out his hands. Shimizu opened her hands and onto her palm fell what felt like her glasses. She put them on and found out why Sawamura had not answered her question. The frame was completely bent. The left lens was cracked and the right one was totally broken with a few pieces missing. So that's what the 'crack' was.

"Do you have an extra pair?"

"At home," Shimizu answered.

Sawamura visibly winced. "Then let me walk you home," he said. Shimizu shook her head.

"We live in opposite directions."

"Well I can't have you wandering the streets."

Shimizu briefly wondered if she could just call a cab.

Sawamura moved closer to the girl and held his hands towards her. For a brief moment, Shimizu thought that he was going to grab her glasses. She opened her mouth to tell him that, really, she was fine. His hands weren't reaching for her glasses. He brought his hand up to her forehead and touched it softly. The touch sent a pain through her skull and a shiver down her spine.

Shimizu couldn't tell which was worse.

She winced from the pain and Sawamura retracted his fingers back slightly with a quiet hiss. Instead of moving away completely, he moved his fingers back. With an even lighter touch, he brushed her black bangs away from her forehead.

Shimizu sat frozen. She and the captain had bonded a lot over the past couple of years. Before, he was just another student in her grade, but now he was here. Touching her face. This was the closest she had ever physically been to him, save for the few times the team had gone out to eat dinner together and she had sat down next to him in a little booth.

"It's probably going to bruise."

The raven-haired girl snapped back to reality. "Oh," she said quietly, "well, my hair will cover it."

Sawamura gave her a wide grin and said with a laugh, "Now that's optimism." He took his fingers away and stepped back slightly. Shimizu could swear that he almost looked embarrassed. "Tanaka and Nishinoya are probably grilling Hinata right now," he said rather quickly.

Shimizu sighed as she took off her broken glasses. She pushed the bed's comforter off and swung her legs over the edge. Her feet barely

hit the ground when Sawamura rushed toward her, grabbing her arm in a careful hold.

"Whoa, whoa! \_Easy\_."

"Please. I can stand." Shimizu made it a point to not shake his hand off though. She stood up and for a horrifying moment, she thought she was just going to keel over again. Lucky, she stayed on her feet. Sawamura released his worrisome grip and turned to grab two book-bags off the floor. Slinging them over his shoulder, he grabbed her arm again. At this point, Shimizu was feeling pretty confident on her feet again.

"Let's get you home."

Shiziku turned to argue again, but the boy was already slowly dragging her out of the infirmary. Her headache was back and she just couldn't argue anymore.

\* \* \*

><p>Sawamura managed to drag her all the way to the front gate. School ended nearly two hours ago, so the gate was as empty as the rest of the school.<p>

In a burst of energy, Shimizu tugged her arm out of Sawamura's hold. The boy gave her a quizzical look.

"I'm not letting you take me home."

Sawamura huffed. He never really realized how stubborn his manager was. He dropped the book-bags to the ground with a soft \_thud\_. "Then you're not leaving this school," he replied.

Shimizu glared at him. She held his gaze until she finally relented.

"Just halfway."

"All the way."

Shimizu's eye twitched.

"\_Half\_."

"\_All\_."

If Shimizu had the strength to spike a volleyball onto the captain's head, you better believe she would. Suddenly, the girl felt a squeeze at her hand. It took her a moment to figure out that he was holding her hand.

"\_Please\_."

Shimizu wanted to groan. Now how was she supposed to say no?

\* \* \*

><p>The answer: she doesn't say no.<p>

The manager stood at her front gate as the sun nearly set completely in the sky. By the time Sawamura would get home, it would be fully night.

Damn. Now, she just felt terrible.

Sawamura, on the other hand, was beaming. The sneaky weasel was able to make it all the way to the girl's house, despite her constant protests on the way. Shimizu opened her front gate. "Well," she began awkwardly, "thank you."

"No problem," Sawamura replied, a grin still plastered on his face.

Shimizu gave him a small, almost unnoticeable smile and turned to enter her house.

"Wait."

The girl turned, mid-step. Sawamura took a step forward and brought his hand up to her forehead for the second time that day. "Come closer," he said.

Shimizu watched him carefully, but took a step closer nonetheless.

"Close your eyes."

She did it without a thought. Her bangs were pulled aside once more. Softly, something touched her forehead, much too soft to be fingertips. Shimizu's eyes snapped open. By then, Sawamura had already taken a full step backwards, face completely flushed.

"My mom says it makes it heal faster."

Before anything else could be said, he was sprinting down the street. Shimizu stared after him until it clicked. Her cheeks lit up in a brilliant red.

So there was a benefit to getting hit by a high-speed volleyball.

Not that she'd ever say it out-loud.

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><p>Am I the only one that ships these two? Yes? No? I'll show myself out.<p>

I just love this manga so much. Much love to all the characters. Seriously.

Until next time. Cheers.

End  
file.